



The Tribune

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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher



JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCausland Advertising Manager

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Editorial

Lights - the only solution

Ever try to carry on a conversation with a friend on the Main Street of Stouffville during a weekday morning or afternoon?

It can be a trying experience. One finds his voice obliterated by the roar of gravel trucks - giant diesel units with double trailers. They churn their way through Town continuously, but not recklessly. Rather, the majority of drivers are quite courteous, more observant of speed laws than many motorists.

Be this as it may, traffic of this kind can no longer be accommodated here. And it need not be accommodated or

tolerated, when the Bloomington Road is available for this purpose.

To achieve this end, automatic signals must be installed at the entrance to Hwy. 48. Without the protection of stop lights, gravel truckers, or many of them, will not take the chance. Instead, they favor more congested Main Street route rather than risk a costly accident. And we don't blame them.

Town council is to be commended for bringing pressure to bear on this project. The signals at the Bloomington Road and Hwy. 48 are needed now - not after someone has been killed.

Our affluent society

Sunday was, without doubt, one of the warmest days experienced this summer. The temperature topped ninety degrees. Under such sweltering conditions, the Stouffville Pool should have been packed to capacity.

But it wasn't, causing the management no doubt, to question the reason why.

There are several answers. Families away on vacation is one. More and more people owning cottages is another.

High on the list however, is still another. Many residents in Stouffville-Whitchurch have swimming pools in the privacy of their own backyards.

A check with Betz Pools Limited,

Stouffville and Aquarius Pools, Whitchurch, places this number at over 100.

While the property where such pools are located is indeed 'private' in the legal sense, the pools themselves are not. Families make them available to their friends and their friends' friends, seven days a week. This is fine.

It may also prove a benefit in disguise to the big pool operation. For, with the addition planned for this fall, it may be able to keep pace with the growth within that segment of Town population that still requires and appreciates the service it provides.

High as an elephant's eye

Recently, while discussing country-type problems with a Markham area farmer, the question of roadside weed-cutting came up.

The rural gentleman said he had never seen the municipality so badly neglected in this regard. "Look at them", he said, "there hasn't been a weed cut around here all summer. If they (the Town) leave it much longer, it will be too late". Up to that time, we hadn't given the matter much thought. But we have since.

On Saturday, we took an hour to travel some of the Markham concession and

sideroads to see what, if anything, had been done in this regard. Most areas are a disgrace.

There was a time when municipalities took a very dim view of private lots neglected in such a manner. Often, the cost of doing the job was charged back on the owner's taxes. Perhaps this policy is still in force.

However, it may be difficult for the Town of Markham to pressure private owners into showing some sense of responsibility, when the Town itself is guilty of neglect.

One Church for all

"It was a wonderful service this morning", commented a worshipper on leaving St. James Presbyterian Church, Sunday, "wouldn't it be a fine thing if we had one large church in Town where everyone would worship together all year round?"

To this, we reply 'amen'.

We have long advocated this - one church for all. And while it will never come about in our generation, we predict it will occur eventually. It has to, if the Christian Church is to remain of strong force for good in a community - in the world.

On a very small scale, the benefit of

'union' can be seen this summer in Stouffville, with the United and Presbyterian congregations joining together during the months of July and August.

Most members, we feel, will be sorry to see it end.

Certainly, we will.

The multitude of denominations within the Christian Church has been, and always will be, a profound mystery to us.

Why, we ask, must so many people, all professing an identical belief, be so divided?

Maybe somewhere, someone has the answer. We've yet to hear it.

Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read in The Tribune (Aug. 5), about how the dayliner's whistle is disturbing the morning rest of a Burkholder Street man and his family.

It's equally disturbing to me that anyone would raise a fuss about such a trivial thing, particularly when the subject of his complaint provides such a marvellous service to so many people in our community.

Goodness knows, it took long enough to get the commuter out to Stouffville, don't let's do anything to prompt its removal.

If the train's 'toot' is so annoying to this gentleman, I take it he would also like to remove the 'roar' from the gravel trucks; the 'wail' from the fire siren or the 'cock-a-doodle-doo' from a neighborhood rooster.

Donald Lehman, Boyer Street

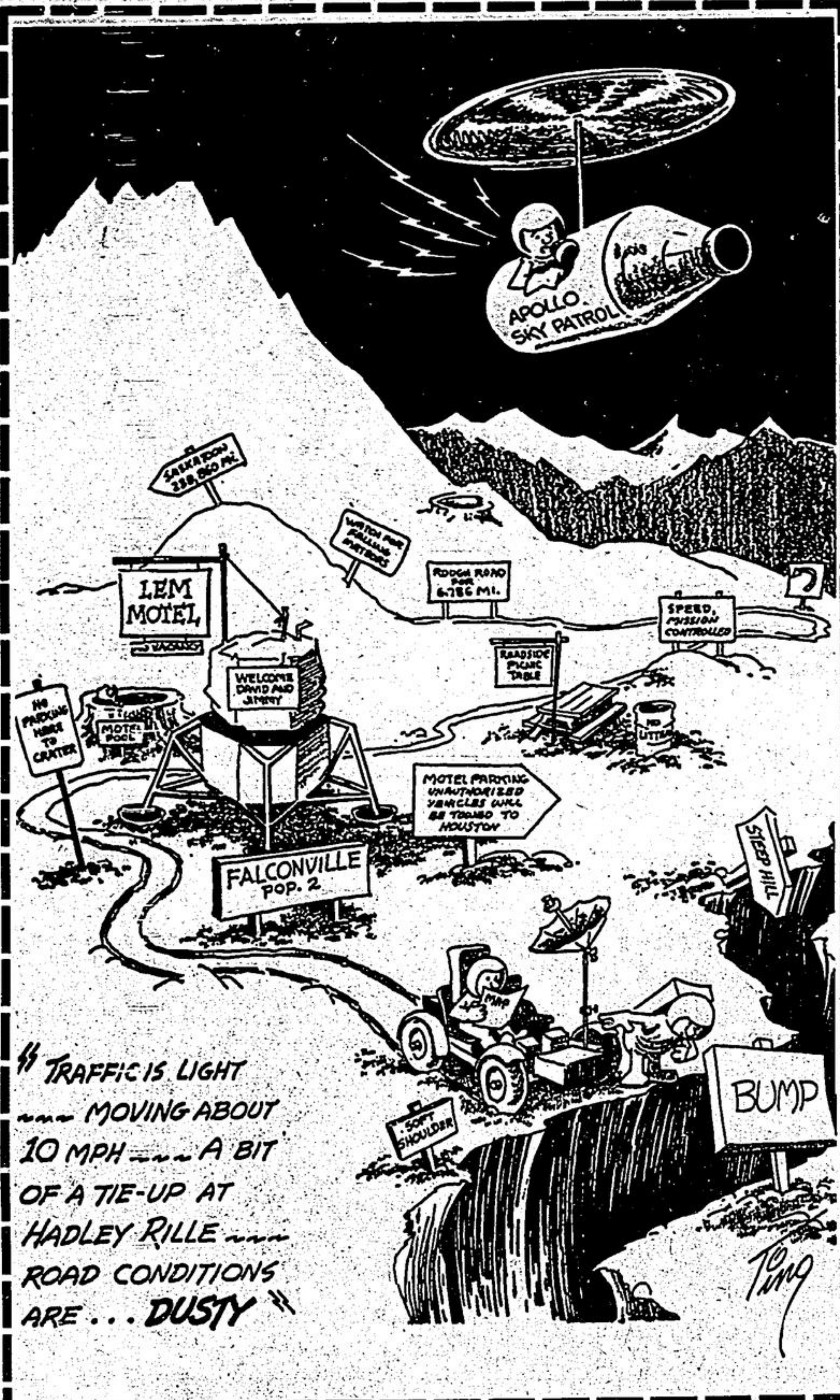
Dear Sir:

From Monday, September 6 to Sunday, September 12, the City of St. Thomas, Ontario is celebrating Talbot Shivarree '71.

We would like to take this space in your paper to ask any readers who originated from, or lived in St. Thomas and Elgin County to return home for this week of festivities. Talbot Shivarree '71 will be 7 days of dancing, parades, fun and entertainment. The last day of the week long festival is designed as 'Home Coming Day'.

If you can make it for the full week, or just a few days, this is your invitation to come home to St. Thomas, and Elgin County for Talbot Shivarree '71.

Rev. W.W. Sherwin, Home Coming Day Chairman.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Now the walls must match colour TV

By BILL SMILEY

Just a collection of notes this week. Don't try to find any coherence in them.

I noticed in one of my favorite weeklies that an old friend of mine had been arrested for being drunk. When he turned up in court the following Tuesday, he was so drunk he had to be taken away for another week. This takes some ingenuity. But I'm not surprised. Same chap some years ago, when his house was burning, threw his six children out the upstairs window into the snow. Saved them all.

Why don't people ever listen to me? At least ten years ago, in this space, I said firmly that Red China should be recognized, admitted to the U.N., and that silly old dictator, Chiang Kai Shek, turfed into the Indian Ocean or somewhere. The column was received with real anger in some places. Now, everybody and his brother is buttering up the real Chinese and pouring cold water on the phoney Chinese on Formosa. Oh well, even my wife won't listen to me, so why should the politicians?

And speaking of that woman, who has made my life a roller-coaster of ups and downs, she pulled another one recently. I'd been muttering for months about a color TV set. Each time, she stated unequivocally, which is the only way she ever states, that we couldn't afford it with two children at university, the mortgage, the insurance coming due, and the yak, yak, yak. Each time I subsided, as is my wont and also because I didn't really care. Hardly ever watch the stupid thing anyway.

So, I came home late one afternoon, a couple of weeks ago, and there she was, playing with the buttons on a huge, expensive color TV. It's been here since, "on trial", and I've been subjected to endless hours of discussion about colors. It's been worse than those unspeakably boring sessions we've had over the years on decorating. Do I like the mushroom with the lime green? Do I not think that the teal in the drapes will clash with the off-blue in the rug? That sort of thing.

At no time could I have cared less if she had painted everything midnight black, but I had to pretend I cared, or there'd have been an outburst of tears and recriminations. "You just don't care, do you? Other men are interested in their homes. I'm doing my best to make our home beautiful and you just sit there with that look on your face!" And so on.

It was like that with the TV set. Didn't I think there was too much orange? Why wasn't the green coming up more vividly? I finally called the dealer and said we'd keep it. That's the way I buy a car. I don't shop around, trying all the models. I just walk around the beast, kick the tires, and make a deal.

The other woman in my life is about as much trouble. She is more convinced than ever that capitalism is beastly, and that she is an exploited slave of the system. As I was driving her home from work the other day, she exploded bitterly, "I only made eight lousy dollars in tips today!"

I had to bite my lips so hard it drew blood. Those tips, plus her wages, made it \$20 for an eight-hour day. My first job paid one dollar a day, for a twelve-hour day, seven days a week. (Kim's opinion of the capitalist system is seasonal. It bothers her not in the least to milk the old man for a cool \$2,000 when she's not working, but going to school.)

Finally, another woman has entered my life, out of the shadows before I was born: Back in June, when I had a birthday, I challenged readers to guess my age. Some charming people suggested 48.49. One miserable old editor, Jim Nesbitt of Brooks, Alta., had the indecency to suggest 54.

But Mable McRoberts of New Liskeard, Ont., was dead on. She named my parents, my older brother and sister, the street on which we lived, and described the house we lived in. She knew the exact year in which I was born. She had been a high-school girl boarding in town. The people with whom she was boarding came down with the terrible flu of that era. My mother took her in for a month.

Women. Nothing is sacred, even a man's age.

Any port

Barry Stather, Elm Road, Stouffville, is a regular participant in the Saturday races at Pincrest Speedway. In recent competition, he came close to missing out the Feature due to a smashed radiator, suffered in a mid-track pileup. But Barry soon solved the problem. He plugged the hole with a hot-dog.

ROAMING AROUND

Love thy neighbour (But not his garden)

By Jim Thomas

It was back in May, 1959, that Jean and I purchased our little six-room 'nest' on Rupert Avenue.

While we didn't move in 'officially' until the end of June, we spent every spare minute, cutting, clipping, digging and hoeing-trying to make the place presentable when family friends and relatives would come a-calling later on. Boy, did we work, sometimes until nearly midnight.

As I recall, the only real 'break' was for a fresh-brewed cup of tea. And since we were not yet betrothed, the kitchen was as far 'under cover' as I ever got. Other rooms were 'off limits'--Jean saw to that. Besides, after three hours of mowing twitch grass up past my knees, I couldn't have crawled a single step further, let alone have any energy to spare.

But there's a certain pride in ownership that forces a fellow on.

The first summer, we succeeded only in keeping the grass and weeds down to an acceptable level.

The second however, was better. We seeded and fertilized, fertilized and seeded, drenching the entire area with a fountain of water after each application. The results were amazing.

But Jean was far from satisfied. Although she didn't complain much, a twinge of homesickness was too often obvious.

She missed a garden--something the family always enjoyed down on the farm. Naturally, I agreed.

But the task was sheer slavery. Have you ever tried sinking a spade in a stone quarry, a brickyard or a rock pile? The site we selected was all three in one. It was murder.

Night after night we chewed and hacked away at the small square plot, getting the seed bed ready for the planting ritual to follow.

The results of our efforts were disastrous. The project didn't produce enough to 'keep our canary alive'. We gave up in disgust. Twelve years have now passed since we first moved to town.

The street has changed. So have many of the people.

In fact, in terms of time, we're considered veterans on the block.

But newcomers or not, our neighbors are real fine folk.

Take Roy, for instance, immediately to the east. He's a retired farmer who surely missed his calling. He should have been a mechanic. I'll swear, he can fix anything--and does, even without our asking.

For example, the morning our clothesline snapped under a weighty Monday wash--a catastrophe. But Roy was there to the rescue. He had the two freyed ends spliced together in minutes.

Then there's Howard, to the north. I'll never forget the night the kids' pet rabbit flew its coop. Howard, his wife and daughter assisted in the search and eventual re-capture. What relief!

Across the road is Len. He gave the kids their sand box. The youngest still uses it. Dorothy gave Susan a beautiful doll; Earl is continually phoning across to tell me the car's lights are on and Dave is always offering the children a ride to school, even if it takes him out of his way.

So you see, subdivision living is not as impersonal as some may think.

But there are exceptions to every rule. The problem is--our newest neighbor, just across the line fence to the west.

His name is Vic.

Now Vic is a farmer, and a mighty practical one. So practical in fact, he's brought a few of these qualities to town.

In a single season, Vic and Gertrude have cultivated the best dad-burned garden in the block. It's so good, it's disgusting.

Without a word of a lie, they've got tomato plants three feet high, and onions and lettuce and potatoes and carrots and well, you name it, they've grown it.

Mind you, the plot isn't large. But who needs quantity with so much quality?

So, at our humble little household, we're right back where we started, twelve years ago. Well almost. We've 'cultivated' five great kids, but our onion patch is a 'bust'.

But Vic and Gertrude have the best of two worlds--five wonderful daughters and onions so big they'd choke a horse.

Maybe it's catching. Jean insists on trying again next year. Growing onions that is.